Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puc'ke. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!

Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.

Puc. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould wooe in ſcorn?
Scorne and deriſion neuer come in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

Hel. You do aduance your cunning more and more,
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lyſ. Demetrius loues
Deme. O *Helen*, godd
To what, my loue, ſhall
Chriſtall is muddy, O ho
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing ch
That pure congealed whi
Fan'd with the Eaſterne
When thou holdſt vp thy
This Princeſſe of pure w
Hell. O ſpight! ô hell
To ſet againſt me, for yo
If you were ciuill, and kn
You would not do me th
Can you not hate me, as
But you muſt ioyne in ſo
If you were men, as men
You would not vſe a ge
To vow, and ſweare, and
When I am ſure you hate
You both are Riuals, and
And now both Riuals, to
A trim exploit, a manly e
To coniure teares vp in a
With your deriſion, none
Would ſo offend a virgi
A poore ſoules patience,
Lyſan. You are vnkin
For you loue *Hermia*; th
And heere with all good
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld y
And yours of *Helena*, to
Whom I do loue, and wil
Hel. Neuer did mocker
Deme. Lyſander, keep
If ere I lou'd her, all that